THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 24, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1043.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My Mary's Gone.

The lark sang merrily in my song,
In a' its pride the dauy time;
An' summer o' her joys prolong,
To cause us a' be glad an' merry:
Frae this fair heart my Mary's gone.

A ray to vivify a' mine cheers,
Who ushered in the hour o' pain.
At night wi' mirthful heart I'd be,
Wi' angels she has gone to dwell.

The ox o' bonny cour roun
Who weep ye may a bloodless flow'in.
Your guardian queen has closed her ee;
Why fade ye away in bonny bow'in,
An' mourn her loss along wi' me.

Nae longer now ye listen fair,
Wi' Mary come to pass the hour;
Her loss wi' me ye a' maun share,
My Mary's gone nae mair to rove.
Ah, could the loss o' death be spared,
The Mary still at hame would be;
This bonnie heart to grief a' bared,
A laugher blessing could nae cover
Wi' sickning heart wi' troubled brow
Beside thy grave I'll mourn alane;
An' every flow'r that I pu' now
Thare Mary may we meet again.
The lark may sing her bonny song,
But a' is pride the daisies fow'in,
An' summer o' her joys prolong,
He causes a' to be merry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Autumn.

BY WILLIAM H. KINCAID.

My home is on the broad blue wave,
Where mountains rise and fall;
All sparkling with the tears that fave,
The cheek of smiling May—
Where summer, gentle as the song
Of streamlets, with wilds will sing,
With joyous roundelay.

My home is on the green wood glen,
Along a watery dell;
And yet I love the tufted plain,
With the cade mosse's covering;
Nor can the lark's soft tones compare,
With one of her trebled strains;
The wild winds mingle free.

My House is on you mountain's crest,
Where light of snow sometimes lies;
When the God of day sinks down to rest,
On Time's eternity—
Whilom the Herald of winter's gloom
Now stooping low, to shade the brow
Of young and gallant Spring.

But oh! my Sweet Home's on old autumn brow,
Where the sunbeams, of departed day,
Are weeping and blushing!—and twinkles the down,
Through the vines that are clustering there.
Gloucester, Lincoln county, Me. July 1st, 1841

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Revenge of Piskaret.

By J. Hilton Sanders.

AUTHOR OF "THE MIAMI VALLEY," ETC.

The full moon shone with a silvery lustre, perhaps not surpassed in Italy's transparent skies, and the blue vault was unclouded. Myriads of glittering stars, which glared with a golden sparkle, contrasted beautifully with the pale white of the moon. It was a lovely evening. Nature appeared at rest, and the hand of man's most ruthless foe, all around me. Not a sound reached my ear, but the low and distant roar of the cataract of Niagara, which continued without intermission in that solemn, monotonous tone, so common to those who dwell in server forgotten. The broad waters of the Chesapeake were spread out before me, calmly reposing on their way for the broad bosom of the broad bosom of which the rays of the moon showed, causing the waters to appear like fused silver. I threw down my gun, and seated myself upon the bank of the river. I was far away from human habitation, and was now perhaps upon a spot where no white man had ever trod. All around me was a dense and howling wilderness.

Here I was in the midst of a scene in its native wildness—as it had felled the tall oaks about me, which towered above my head for more than a hundred feet. I cast my eyes upward to the lofty branches above, and pitied over the waters throwing its black shadow upon them, and contrasting beautifully with the silvery lustre which the surrounding waters gleamed. It was in the middle of the month of July, and everything was in full bloom. The earth, even to the edge of the rock, was carpeted with wild flowers, which exhaled a delightful fragrance. Just under the wild-rose bush, and lonely hidden a small tree with its beautiful pink flowers, which was the only specimen of the kind that I had ever seen. Here and there were other species of the same species had grown up near it, and not having a support for its frail weight, was hanging to the ground. Here and there the white rose was sparkling in the moon's rays like dew drops. "Beautiful," I exclaimed, "is the wilderness—more than one which the glowing imaginations of the Orientals have depicted. Here all is peace and quiet, a lesson by looking upon such a lovely garden blooming in the midst of a howling wilderness, a wilderness, which even the savage with all of his stern-ness, and ferocity, is not to be found. Here the destroyers have banished that heart till I thought I had forgotten that it was there. I turned my head, and beheld the top of the tall oak gleam with a golden hue. The under part was in the shade, and appeared to be of a dark hue. The rest

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers to the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the many kind letters which have come to hand. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them, in turn.

We intend to show still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now complete, and we cannot afford to send out the back numbers. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will have a fair start together, and see who shall first rise in the world. We shall continue to issue a weekly paper.

☞ The Germantown Telegraph has a wonderfully prolific abstract of the foreign news, by the Caledonia. So much for the "*doctrine of instruction.*"

☞ F. Shepherd, Esq. is a travelling agent for the Post and Graham's Magazine, in New England, and we cordially commend him.

Our Associates.

Here we are, post up in a place about eight feet square, the air as hot as a furnace, thermometer at ninety-five, and the sun pouring down upon the roof of the house; and I! Most of our compositors, have thrown down just in disdain, and are now rolling in the sand at the back of the building, while the printers are sweating with threshold. We had sold a little snuff and a little cural, a little cheese, and a hallowee of hillabo for a half-penny; but not a pennyworth of indigo, and no more cheese or powwood like. He was never known to sell so much about a day. He had employed awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a very jolly humor.

"I would just put two pounds fourteen to get out of this concern, and be off to the land of the free," said he, as he chained about, he attack the pound of butter that he was reading up with his wooden paddle: a blow so spasmodic, that it knocked the paddle out of his hand.

At this moment the clerk entered. He passed for a great joke with the shopkeeper, and they laughed heartily at each other, and so continued, looked with an air that was the first act of a tragedy, and which, had the shopkeeper attended to his mind his plan of action. He was somewhat taken by surprise, as he stood before the counter, thinking of the puff-ventriloquist, as he heard him talk to himself behind him, now and anon, and then jerking away, rubbing and shaking his head, with the remaining pocket a smelling-bottle, which, like Shakspeare's puppy-pet,

"Ever and anon he gave to his nose,
And held it very open."

But it was Donald who,

"Being angry when it next came there,
Took it in snuff."

"What would ye please to buy, honest man?" said Donald pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy? Does any one ever purchase here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable."

"Is there young callant? Here be teething but one penny-worth of indigo sold since the morning, and as you sensed maybe gave sleek spun. An ye no like the ov'r, maybe ye can go to the door, and get the air, and then use the doorway. Nothing, in sober-do-well."

"Pardon me, sir, I do not like it—I did not come to buy a piece—indeed he would; for the name, forsooth, I have heard you mention your name for a fortnight, and yet he had never been in his emporium, and I thought I would just step in and see what kind of a warehouse which I might have chanced to, small ale, and be otherwise induce all of genteel custom, and a pound of salt, lavish against two ounces of parliament cake for a penny, and indigo by the gross, small by the half penny.

Indeed, my trustworthy friend, Donald M'Ilne, low'ver would guide in his shop, and the street in which he lived in the gude auld town of Edinburgh, and in the much pride in Donald. Really Donald was a rude chiel, and he kept his accounts accurate, both with Cheap and for he was so protected at kirk as in his payments, and, the followed for long seasons with his neighbors, he had ears never to run largely in debt by crimes of omission. Donald was therefore never pestered to settle his accounts, and he was therefore never annoyed by duns.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we shall proceed to recount the first grand step that he made toward acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved, and lived so long to enjoy.

He was one day, that is to say, all the indigo that he barely had, had come out from his warehouse by Donald, a dyemaker's as the most extensive line of business, employing "forty-nine stone vats" at the time, at the same time, that if there was not a vessel, they were *gude as*. Such were the word of trade in those days.

Now, at the time this occurred, congratulation to Donald, the demand for indigo was rare, and, as before, best times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald M'Ilnie and his workmen desired. Consequent each other: These latter were very much surprised at the extent of the demand, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry only one pounds of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very intelligent mate of M'Ilnie, all the hands of the ship took it firmly into their said heads that their correspondent had fairly written forty-and-nine.

They knew but very little of the men, and of the nation and extent of business, still, however, as indeed they did know was most satisfactory, they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality and liberality aided to all their dealings, and that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they, therefore, were determined to obey to order; but, as they had not any thing like the quantity on hand, they set themselves down to become purchasers, in order to fulfill the commission. Having collected the quantity they had supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Edinburgh, and, in due course, they arrived at it and in safety by port.

When M'Ilnie received this precious bill of lading he astonishment was at once ludicrous and magnificent. At first he was astounded at a little sensation, and he seemed to set it down as a hoax, for, said he, "What demand can the people of London have for indigo, at this particular time of indigo?" It was more than sufficient, said he, for the whole of the consumption of Britain for a whole length generations—twenty-one years. However, he was quite astonished over every other emotion, and he felt glad.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was further from his thoughts than to run under and under with his affairs, and he had to be at last in order, to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the wonder and admiration of his neighbors. Considering this musical conduct, he could not so far command his dispositions but that some should have remarked a change, though a mysterious, change in his whole way, he was noted silent: the activity of his mind was up for the labours of his tongue. He was diligent, no doubt, in attending his shop without the counter, and even in the out-door concerns, and then returning to it hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbors thought that Donald was becoming mad, and they were not far from the truth.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no one, arrived, and the vessel was announced to Aberdeen. It could seem that, in order to quicken the impatience of Donald, the wind contrary to the passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain of the vessel set off for Donald at the first barge of which a sizeable cargo was consigned. Having gone prudently to the very first address, he was at the counter, and Donald arrived at the little shop of the second compliment, named Donald M'Ilnie. Indeed, the captain had much astonished at the astuteness of the watchman at M'Ilnie had been under the impression that he was a gentleman, had it continued nothing else. And never have held the shop out of the counter.

After the few first introductory sentences, the mate much errand of that sort he was sent from the quay, and he was never convinced that all was right from the quiet conduct of Donald, who never betrayed either mirth or surprise, though at the same time his very heart was leaping within him to hide an expression of delight on a countenance stunned by duty.

"And now, sir, you'll be sure to be brought the note of the purpose time. A magazine quantity, eh, sir! And did you ever hear any one men but one trade before?"

"Never, Donald, never, sir, and I do not know how that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had no effect on the market. It was full three days before the vessel drawn on Change the very day I left London."

"O, no—indeed! It was—no it is! I do not know that I do not—not that it is of the slightest consequence, but I merely ask as a matter of commonplace conversation, for all this indigo, what would ye just do with it?"

"Why," said the skipper, "I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it, I should have known what to do with it. That is, Mr. M'Ilnie, pardon my ease."

"Ah weel, my man, but you're an uncommon chiel, for ye no less wanted than a hundred majesty, may God bless him, since gave to make the volunteer busine was like regimentation like it's pass standing order."

"Why, I should know, and some regret if that ever any one should, I do not think, your king or. But my business is to obey my orders, and I did not, as I did not my purpose, and I do not now, as I do not, and I do not, and I do not, and

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

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Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and the name will not be taken off the books if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as we are about to commence a new volume, and cannot always give names and dates paid for.

$7 Send a Specie Note, if you can procure, free of postage, in advance, will be remitted at our risk.

$7 Subscribers wishing their papers discontinued, must forward notice to which the paper is to be addressed.

Traveling Agents.

$7 Josh H. Thomas, of Montgomery, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gentleman's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers on that route, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will call on Mr. Thomas after the 20th of May, when the Turks 165. The Sovereign's monthly to 15,000 well sustained. Agents will please forward their accounts at once.

$7 C. H. Burtis is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending June 30th.

		Price and fol.
1565 shares United States Bank.		17⅛@18
80 do. Bank of Penn Township.		16@16⅛
70 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.		27@28
50 do. Girard Bank.		97@98
20 do. Vicksburg Bank.		90
50 do. Union Canal.		17@17⅛
20 do. Union Bank, Tenn.		50
20 do. Commercial Bank.		34
10 do. Bank of Kentucky.		75
10 do. American Fire Insurance Co.		70
20 do. North America Bank.		175@177
5 do. Man. & Mec. Bank.		34
5 do. Commercial Bank.		33
5 do. Commercial Bank.		33@33½
$1000 Vicksburg Exchange.		87½
$1700 United States Bank Notes.		17½ discount

Five Counterfeits.

Bank of Kentucky.—Steamboat—Indian—100's. Thirlank has never issued any notes over 100's.

Louisiana State Bank.—Female.—16's spurious. Signed L. Bibi, Cashier, C. Clement, President. Engraved by the "Western Bank Note Company." They bear no resemblance to the genuine bills.

More Money.

Governor Porter arrived in town on Tuesday. We learn that the Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Philadelphia, is to obtain from the non-accepting banks, who are subject under their charters to such a request, a loan to the extent of 2½ per cent. of their capital—amounting in all to about $1,000,000. The loan, it is said, by some, will be no doubt obtained, and then the interest due on the Bonds of the State will be paid.

The Senate.

Hon. Hugh Wynne, a new bank has recently been established at Poultney, Vermont, by the name of the Poultney Bank. Its capital is to be $50,000. Fifty thousand dollars are required to be paid in specie, and no individual or company can subscribe for more than ten per cent. of the capital, and the directors and all other officers are restricted to three per cent. each. The Bank has complied with all the requisitions of the law, and is required to keep a deposit of character and property. The bills are received as par in the Suffolk Bank at Boston, and the cash of the Bank is deposited in all the other New England Banks, which are deemed safely high.

Commerce.—The Philadelphia currency remains without change. Small notes are more abundant, and in one or two cases have declined a little. Most of the expiring banks have refused to deposit large sums in the hands some of the accepting banks must submit to the Revenue Act.

More Lynch Law.

Two Men Hung Without Trial.—Another outrageous violation of law and order has been perpetrated in Williamsburg, Grant county, Va. Some few weeks ago, a store-house was burned down, and the fire set fire to the roof. Subsequently two men named Murphy and Cook were arrested on the charge of having committed the deed, and were lodged in prison at Williamsburg. The evidence was circumstantial, but they was believed that he would not recover. The indignation felt in Williamsburg was so great that on Friday indeed a number of the citizens to resolve upon a summary execution of the alleged incendiaries. They took about this act of revenge with the utmost deliberation and coolness. Having resolved upon their course with certainty to vote Williamstown, and inform the citizens of the place, and the proper arrangements were made that the prisoners were to be executed. This notice was thirty-six hours before the time appointed, and every clergyman was also sent, and actually went to the prison for the purpose of preparing the men for death.

We give an account of this daring outrage upon all law, from the columns of a Democratic Republican, learned from eye witnesses of the tragedy.

"On Saturday the 15th inst. in pursuance of the notice, about 500 assembled of the citizens of Boonsboro, which were added some from Scott and Harrison counties, some coming from a distance of seventeen miles to meet perfect order. They had chosen their Sheriffs to act for the occasion, and they, with the aid of the Marshal the prisoners, placed them in an open waggon, their hands tied behind them, the face of each exposed to the least noise or confusion, to the spot of ground where the murder was committed, and there hung them by the neck. Some the assembled was bestowed to have been at least four thousand. Before the execution, the Rev. Mr. O'Hara, a member of the bar, addressed the people for some time upon the duty they owed to God and to take its course. He was listened to with the utmost silence and attention, but without manifesting the least demonstration of a single person present. The preliminaries were then affirmed, and the prisoners were asked if they had any thing to say previous to the closing of their earthly existence. Murphy said he was innocent, a few remarks to the people, admitted the commission of the act for which they were to suffer, and declared that if he

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

To the Dead.

BY J. C. SHANLEY.

The extensive beauty of the following lines is not surpassed by any in the English language.

How many were are dead to me
When love is gone from me!
How many are alive to me
Who cherished in the dust, are now
That each love, making that for which we
Till dead can we've forgot.
Beyond the blue mist, far away,
Most wonderfully alone,
One feet in prison lie cold,
Where many on some shut out the day,
And never hear nor comfort's ray
In low-bow-down silence!

Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have pass'd
Its a base hour, his sight to me
Cannot like the hour o' some wild tee,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How cold the blood of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak
His hour was cold—for it did not break.
And there, for it did not.

Past for the living in the tomb,
And for the dead the same;
Express oblivion on the tomb
Of forgotten life and dandy bloom—
Dun in such glass—but bright the gloom
Around thy funeral pile.

Complimentary Cards.

There was once a time when a compliment from the passengers on board a vessel to a departing friend had a meaning; for the reason that it was called out only by the most extraordinary circumstances. Of late years, however, the ferry boats are hardly permitted to cross the river without the presentation of a tin coffee pot to the master, by the passengers. As to sermons, and thanks, and that kind of gammon, the thing is endless; and the style of such documents is endless in ridiculous alliteration. In fact, we will now compliments—more complimental, it is all well enough, but such things should not be so often forced upon the public through the press. We might say more—but can do better by copying the following from the Boston Courier. It is a good lot.—N. Y. Tattler.

Having returned to Boston, after a long and precious journey to Roxbury, I think it my duty, as an act of justice to the accomplished driver of the Omnibus, and as an endearing monument of the gratitude and liberality of the passengers, to send you the following record:—

Boston, Charlestown, Harlem, North House, } May 5, 1841.

To Joseph Chace, Esq.,
Depot of Omnibus No. 90:

Dear sir—The undersigned, a committee of the passengers on board Omnibus No. 90, on her passage from Court street, in the city of Boston, to the Norfolk House in Roxbury, beg leave respectfully to express to you their undisguised thanks for your uniformly kind and unremitting attention to their comfort and convenience during the pleasant, though somewhat perilous journey, which, under your auspices, has so happily terminated. The committee were instructed to bear testimony to the unsurpassed skill with which you avoided all collision with the numerous vehicles that it was our good or ill fortune to encounter on the way, and the unfeigned anxiety allies that the unfortunate shock we experienced by striking a rock not laid down in the charts, was not owing to any want of care or foresight on the part of the commander. The committee would also be injustice to their own hearts if they did not avail themselves of this occasion to present, through you, their grateful thanks to the intelligent lad who gave the signals for starting and stopping with such precision that no life or limb was endangered during the swift and delicate evolutions of ingress and egress. But more especially would the committee, in behalf of their constituents, beg leave to offer, through you, to the Company whose able instrument you are, their undiminished and unpresidial gratitude for the zeal and patriotism, and disinterested benevolence they have so illustriously exhibited in the establishment of this noble line of Omnibuses, for the exclusive benefit and convenience of the public.

Allow us to add our private wishes for your continued success in the important enterprise you have so successfully undertaken, and to express the hope that it may be our good fortune again to meet you on the route which has been to you the path of glory.

With sentiments of unmingled respect, we are your grateful and devoted friends and servants.

Josh Pitts,
Simon Suggs, and Committee.
Moses Stuffer,

To the above just and heartfelt tribute to modest worth, the Committee appended the following appropriate reply:

To the honorable John Piper, Simon Pudler and Moses Stuffer, Esquires, Committee of the passengers on board Omnibus No. 90, on her late passage from Court street, in the city of Boston, to the House in Roxbury:

Respected Gentlemen,—I have received with sentiments, which it would be presumptuous in me to undertake to describe, the very flattering tribute to my fidelity and skill in the important department of the vehicle which it has been my good fortune to fill to your acceptance. Be assured gentlemen, that all my success was due to the undivided forbearance of the passengers, and to the imperturbable coolness and equanimity with which they endured the "Shock that flesh is heir to." My own duty was rendered light by the considerate conduct of those whose lives for a while were entrusted to my care; and be assured, gentlemen, that the sentiments of my conduct which you have so elegantly and so generously expressed, will not cease to animate. It will give no pleasure to convey your kind expressions of approbation to the intelligent youth to whom it is my happiness to refer, and to the company whom I have the honor to serve, and whose interests I have labored to the best of my ability. Accept my warmest thanks for the expression of your appreciation.

With the assurance of my entire respect and gratitude I am, gentlemen, your devoted servant.

Joseph Chace.

Russian Intolerance.

Russia is out-doing Athenian. Her aims is to extinguish all nationalities, and to erect every species of unmitigated imprisonment and enslavement in a form itself Russian. All who publish or read books in foreign languages, especially if they are loaded upon with a conspicuous eye; at the public window and on the public promenade, shall suffer personal punishment. It has already been shown that the Russians do not hesitate to disturb, or altogether falsify historical facts, for the purpose of calumniating other religions and nations. The children of those very nations, against whom these values are now so named, are taught history from the works published there. No instruction is given in any of the established church of Russia, which is more, or taught in the schools, no priest even thinks it necessary to add the precepts of Christian morality, the principles and reverence to the Gospel, the regular payment of taxes, the duty of being ready to shed the last drop of blood for both and all that is proclaimed; and all who have been educated in these principles are excluded from public offices. The first question addressed to candidates for office, whether they are Poles or Catholics.—the Emperor's autocracy having created a general disposition not to promote each. By a recent ukase, no Pole can serve in the imperial guard, even by appointed surgeon to that corps. Those who presume to violate this law are punished as criminals, and the law. From the subordinate office of a clerk is not to be thought that shall have served at least four years in the interior. A Catholic is not allowed to form a choice with a Protestant, and remain in the Catholic church, still less where the necessary are Greek; and it is with no small difficulty that Poles can obtain a passport to St. Petersburg. With the privileges enjoyed by Russian officers, and their nationality, it is not a subject of all other, the former most unconcernedly grow shady in good taste, whilst the latter properly tionally contracts within narrower limits.

The Muses.

Miss Democrat is said to be of, at least, doubtful character. It is not first time she has sung acquaintance with her.

Miss Fanning is a very intelligent and accomplished lady, and is much in favor with editors and publishers. She is frequently noticed in the newspapers.

Miss Anthropy is a peculiar old spinster; and although a exceedingly modest and retiring lady, we should not recommend her acquaintance.

Miss Fear is of a jealous disposition, and withal rather troublesome.

Miss Contribution is much in favor with secretaries; is of a curious, moral disposition, and is supposed to be well acquainted with *Miss Fortune*, although honest and sensible, is much dreaded and shunned by all. She is rather ungrateful, however, and often unkindness to those whom she is not welcome.

Miss Nomer often renders important aid to the legal profession, and her company is often sought by gentlemen of the law.

Miss Rule is a great jokes maker, and on several occasions has presided in the halls of legislation.

Miss Letter is a poor dependent person, and although she is well known, is always supported by some more wealthy neighbor.

Miss Term, she that in the lady of literary notoriety, and is done with all classes, and especially with the juvenile portion of the community.

From the Dublin University Magazine for July.

Micky Free's Despatches.

As I left yesterday my servant Micky Free, to dispatch my account of the last engagement to the commanding officer, I hope it is needless, that the Irishman might possibly blunder as usual, and as if to end all suspense a voice resound me from the cowards.

"Captain O'Malley," said he, in a mounted dragoon to the advanced sentry at the bottom of the little hill upon which I was standing; "despatches from head quarters;" said he, delivering into my hands a large sealed packet from the adjutant-general's office. While he proceeded to search for another letter of which he was the bearer, I broke the seal and read as follows:

Sir,—On the receipt of this order you are directed, having previously resigned your command to the officer next in seniority, to repair to head quarters in Fowler D'Ounce, there to report yourself sooner to

"I have the honor to be
"Your obedient servant,
"Gerald Hotspur,
"Military Secretary."

What the devil can this mean? said I to myself as I read the letter over again and again. What have I done lately, or what have I left undone to involve me in this scrape? Ah! thought I, to be sure it can be nothing else. Lord Wellington did recognize me that unlucky morning, and has determined not to let me pass unpunished. How unfortunate! a speedy resignation of my command might since fortune seemed to smile upon me from every side, and bid fair to be very exciting! I must dissolve myself fully in the fare. A reprimand, or the sentence of a court-martial, I should be sorry to incur, but I could submit comparatively little from what source arising, the injury to my pride to a man and my spirit as a soldier would be almost the same.

"This is the letter, sir," said the orderly, presenting me with a packet, the address of which was in Power's handwriting. Eagerly tearing it open, I sought to satisfy myself that I might explain my unhappy position. It bore the same date as the official letter, and ran thus—

"My Dear Charley,

"I joined yesterday, just in time to enjoy the heartiest laugh I have had since we were boys. Micky Free, my good fellow, you have you have it; for Charles O'Malley's sake he was hickey Free to you, you have got from Villa Formoso to the rear guard. As it's only fair that you should participate in the fun as well as others, I send you the extract. Your honorable conduct will, I doubt not, be duly noticed in the despatches. Your name has been already mentioned and recorded for the adjutant-general, having just at that moment completed a letter to him from the wood; and the sensations he must have felt on reading it, I leave you to imagine. I have since received information to his sweetheart in Ireland. If more than one letter, I hope he has the grace to remember in better part than old Colbourn, who owned that he never wrote a letter in his life except to tell what charges. In fact, his passion has known no bounds since the event; and a fit of jaundice has given his face a tint which, contrasted with his scarlet coat, the nothing I know of except the facings of the "dirty half dozen."

"As Mr. Free's letter may be as great a curiosity to you, as it has to us, I have taken a copy of it, in which Hopeton obtained for me. It certainly places the scramble Mike to a strong light as a despatch-writer. The occasional interruption to the account of the battle, and the consequent return from Micky's mind to the pot of a concrete, writing bong, d-dalion, an accomplished gentleman, and I hope a dear friend of mine. For the world,